PRETTY STATE OF THINGS

The Prairie City Bank Failure Was a Case of Deliberate Pious Robbery.

Miss Shoemaker, of Muncie, Made the Young Bloods Come to Time-Smallpex Confined -- Armstrong's Shortage Is Over \$43,000.

ANOTHER DEVOUR BANKER.

Depositors in Beach's Bank at Terre Haute May Not Get 10 Cents on the Dollar, Special to the Indiauspolis Journal.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 26.-The assignee of John S. Beach's Prairie City Bank filed a statement of assets to-day, and the worst predictions were verified. The depositors do not believe the assets will realize \$10,000 to pay the \$138,000 in deposits. There was but \$2,800 in cash in the bank when it closed its doors. In the assets are claims which, while barely not outlawed by the statutes of limitation, are known to be atterly worthless. It is shown that Beach had not been doing a legitimate banking business, but had borrowed money as a bank for his personal use and that he did loan enough money as a banker, the interest of which would pay rent. He was tressurer of the savings bank, and borrowed heavily from it, which he had no right to do. He has given a mortgage to secure his bondsmen for \$32,000. Another mortgage has been given for a loan of \$25,-000 from another source, and the creditors thus preferred get about all the real estate in his name. The depositors at their meeting this afternoon have finally determined to insist upon receiving dollar for dollar of their money. They believe that Beach has disposed of their money in a way that much of it can be recovered. They believe also that his wife has considerable in her name which ought to be turned over. They suspect a purpose to delay final settlement, but they are in no humor to be triffed with and will insist on criminal prosecution if they do not get speedy satisfaction. The assignee did not file a list of liabilities. That the total is over \$200,000 there is no doubt. There is much comment by the people on the fact that Beach was a devout and prominent member of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church.

IT WAS BUSINESS WITH LULU.

A Muncle Adventuress Strikes Consternation to the Hearts of Society Young Men. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

MUNCIE, Ind., Aug. 26,-There was a great flurry of excitement yesterday among a large number of Muncie's most prominent young society men. Two years ago Miss Lulu Shoemaker came to Muncie from Richmond and established a swell resort. She has been prospering, but at the same time permitted her admirers to run up large accounts. The stringency of the money market has now caused the handsome adventuress to draw in her loans, as it were. Accordingly she procured a coupe and two white horses, took her bundle of accounts, amounting to \$1,000, and made personal calls on the young men who had been lavishly entertained at her place. Those who did not settle caused their fathers trouble, as the woman next called on the worthy but unsuspecting sires. In many cases the fathers put up to prevent further notoriety. After the practical woman had finished her rounds the other accounts were left with her attorney, and she then left on a pleasure trip to the world's fair.

NEW YORK EXPERT AT MUNCIE.

No Doubt About the Smallpox Cases, but They Are Mostly Mild in Form.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. MUNCIE, Ind., Aug. 26.—Yesterday Dr. N. B. Kerr, of New York city, arrived in Muncie and made a visit to the infected smallpox district to satisfy himself as disease. Dr. Kerr spent eight years in the Northwest treating smallpox cases, being employed by the government. He handled over seven hundred cases in that time. Accompanied by City Health Officer Jackson, Dr. Kerr inspected all the cases here. To the Journal correspondent, this morning. he stated that all the alleged cases were smallpox, but most of them in a very mild form. said that it was very preposterous to deny the identity and that the favorable weather is all that prevented a terrible epidemic here. However, he anticipates no serious trouble now with the very strict quarantine regulations that are being enforced. He says there is a very characteristic odor with the case that cannot be misjudged by one acquainted with it. There were no new cases to-day.

Town Lots as Oratorical Prizes.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. CICERO, Ind., Aug. 26.-The Hamilton County Teachers' Institute, in session at Cicero during the past week, closed Friday; 200 teachers were present. The work was carried on by Professor Fertig, of Covington, and lectures given by Dr. Leland, of Chicago, Professors Wiley and Dawson. Thursday the oratorical contest of the county schools took place. The prize in the district lecture was awarded to George Noble, of Jackson township, and in the grade section to Luin Davis, of Washington township. Most interest will be taken in the next contest, owing to the fact that the Washington Glass Company. of this city, has offered as a prize to the successful contestants in the contest of 1894 two lots worth \$200 each.

Stung to Death by Humble Bees.

Epecial to the Indianapolis Journal. ORLEANS, Ind., Aug. 26 .- For some time past the family of Robert Wood, an old soldier living in Stamper's Creek township, eight miles southeast of this place, have been troubled by a nest of humble bees that had their home behind the easing of the window in his log cabin. Yesterday, while the children were away from home, he proceeded to exterminate the bees. He removed a piece of the casing from the window, when, suddenly, the entire nest of bees lit on him and stung him so terribly that death resulted in an hour. He was sixty-five years old and leaves a wife and several children.

First Train Over the Elkhart & Western.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. ELKHART, Ind., Aug. 26.—The Elkhart & Western railway was completed to this peint to-day, and the first train was run over the tracks. It connects with the Grand Trunk at Mishawaka and affords this city competition with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, The road is the property of H. E. Bucklin, the Chicago millionaire, and is considered a great acquisition to this city. E. C. Bickell is general manager and Darwin F. Coe transpor-

tation manager. Death of a Yorktown Citizen.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. MUNCIE, Ind., Aug. 26.-D. W. Flowers, an eminent citizen of Yorktown, died at his home in that place at 9 o'clock last night, after two or three weeks' illness of typhoid fever. Mr. Flowers was fortyseven years old, and was engaged in the general merchandise business. He was a prominent member of the I. O. O. F. and I. O. R. M. The funeral will take place at the residence at 1 o'clock to-morrow.

Armstrong Got Away with \$43,320.76.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. TIPTON, Ind., Aug. 26.-The committee appointed by the County Commissioners of this county to investigate the books of the defaulting treasurer, James K. Armstrong, has completed its work and find the total defaleation reaches the sum of \$48,820.76. These figures will cause the Democratic leaders of this county a great many explanations for many campaigns to come.

Sadden Death in Boston of Joseph Edgerton.

Special to the Indianapolis for ani. FORT WAYNE, Ind., Aug. 26 .- The community was shocked this evening to learn of the sudden and unexpected death of Hon. Joseph K. Edgerton, which occurred this morning in Boston, where he stopped on

his way to visit a daughter residing near that city. He was a prominent man in Indiana affairs, having been a member of the Thirty-seventh Congress, and in the fifties was president of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, and in the sixties president of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad. He leaves a wife and family of grown children.

Gravel Roads Contracts Let. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

SEYMONR, Ind., Aug. 26.-The County Commissioners have let the contracts for a number of gravel roads in this county as follows: Brownstown, Tampico and Crothersville, to Murphy & Co., Indianapolis, for \$38,977; Seymour, Dudleytown and Newry branch, to Ewing Shields, of Seymour, for \$7,002; Brownstown and Freetown, to Ewing Shields, of Seymour, for \$7,902; Seymour, Brownstown and Tampico, to James De Golyer, of Seymour, for \$6,588; Seymour and Four Corners, to Ferguson & Co., of Kokomo, for \$11,-200: Vallonia and Brownstown, to William Empson, of Vallonia, for \$5,400; Seymour and Reddington, to J. D. Forest & Co., for 37,985; Brownstown and Clear Springs, to Miller, Vance and Bolles, of Brownstown, for \$7,131. Eight roads were let at a total cost of \$101,173, and the aggregate cost of the surveys, advertising, election, etc., will

Fights Don't Go at Columbus,

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. COLUMBUS, Ind., Aug. 26.-For some days the local sports here have been expecting the arrival of Mikey Norton, the lightweight champion fighter, of Cincinnati, and, also, Daniel Lyons and Jimmy Donahue, of that city. They finally reached the city, but found matters rather hot for them here. The police had been awaiting their arrival as well as the sports. and taking them in charge as soon as they came, showed them the limits of the city and cautioned them never to return. They have also informed the backers of Ward, the wrestier, that they may expect trouble if they attempt to give the match here.

Burglars Pound Up a Policeman. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

SEYMOUR, Ind., Aug. 26 .- Last night Merchant policeman Abe Thixton discovered three men attempting to rob store. The burglars pounced on him and, knocking him down, beto kick him, after which they fled. Officer Thixton's revolver failed to explode, and he was only able to fire one shot at the fleeing men, which he thinks took effect in one of their legs. The officer was very sore this morning, but was able to accompany a detective to Columbus, where it is supposed one of the burglars was captured.

Ciothing Store Burned at Mount Vernon, Special to the Indianapolis Journal. MOUNT VERNON, Ind., Aug. 26. - The Rosenbaum dry goods and clothing store was destroyed by fire early this evening. The loss is estimated at \$15,000 on stock and building. They are fully insured. The origin of the fire is said to have been spontaneous combustion. Kabn's building adjoining was damaged to the extent of

Nonunion Workman Threatened.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. ELWOOD, Ind., Aug. 26,-A negro boy named Thomas Boyd, in the employ of John McCord, of Frankton, has been ordered to leave town by riotous workmen because one of their members was discharged and Boyd installed in his stead. If he does not leave to-night they threaten vengeance. Boyd is backed by McCord and will stay.

Brakeman Manny's Head Mashed.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Aug. 26 .- Pat Manny, a Big Four brakeman, was found this evening suffering from having been struck in the head and mouth with a brick. He had been in a fight, and the men who hit him escaped, leaving him unconscious, All those concerned belong to the construction train and were drunk.

Pienie of Ex-Pennsylvanians. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ELKHART, Ind., Aug. 26.-The annual picnic of ex-citizens of Pennsylvania, now residents of northern Indiana and southern Michigan, was held on the island here today. The attendance was very large. Ex-Congressman Shively, Hons. J. B. Hall, A. F. Wilden and Lew Wormer were the

Suffocated in a Bin of Wheat, Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

DECATUR, Ind., Aug. 26.-A son of Walter Ondus, living at Schumm, O., white playing in the grain elevator, this morning, got into the bin, where he smothered before he could be rescued.

PLAYED IN LUCK THAT TIME.

He "Worked" the Restaurant Man at Some Personal Inconvenience, Detroit Free Press.

He opened the door of a Gratiot avenue restaurant and imped slowly up to the eashier's desk in a pair of soggy rubber boots three times too large. "My dear sir," he whispered, leaning confidentially over the railing, "I am sorry to trouble you, but my boot is full of

"Human blood. "What do you mean?" faltered the cash-

ier, instinctively locking the money-

"I mean that I am bleeding to death." said the newcomer calmly. "I shouldn't think of intruding upon you," he continned, "if the situation wasn't so serious. About an hour ago I was assaulted by two men and stabbed. I made no complaint. I am game clean through, but I'm getting weak now, and must have nourishment. Won't you give me a little something-anything you will, but help me fight for life. I am sorry to soil your floor." added the stranger, glancing down apologetically. "I see my boot is leaking."

The cashier looked over the railing with a skeptical expression that quickly changed to horror. One by one the bright red drops were cozing from the toe of the stranger's left boot, making a small but gory pool on the restaurant floor.

The cashier's hair almost stood on end. "Hi, there, William," he called in agltated tones, "bring a bowl of beef tea, double portion, and anything else that's bot and bandy, and bring'em quick." Ten minutes later the injured visitor limped toward the door, "Thank you," he said gratefully; "I feel

better already. I can get to the hospital alone now. "That's right," answered the cashier encouragingly, "and here's 50 cents to help

"Pretty rough case," remarked a man who was paying his bill, as the stranger closed the door. "Rough?" ejaculated the cashier, "it's awful. There's lots of fakes come in here every day, but that fellow's straight, I can

When the injured visitor reached the corner he was joined by a thin young man. "Any lack?" he asked, auxiously. "Yep.

"Money besides!" "Some. The acid in that cussed red ink

"Square meal?"

is bitin' me toes."

Alters the Case. "Why, you are a plutocrat, sir, and an infamous gold-bug!" roared the grizzled old president of the Keosauquaville Free Silver Club, grasping his hickory stick

with a firmer grip. "What do you mean by coming to me to boast of the ill-gotten wealth you can show in gold and stocks and bonds, sir?" "I-I want to marry your daughter," said the terrified young man. "Why-hum-that's different. I don't

know as I've got any objectious." His Inspiration Checked.

Washington Ftar. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the worried looking man with a tooth-marked lead pencil, "can't you keep that baby quiet!" "I'm doing my best," answered his wife.

"He's only laughing." "I can't help that; it's noise. And I've got to finish this poem about 'What Our Darling Prattler Says' for the Cherub's Own before night, they won't use it."

KIPLING'S STORY OF A RIOT

Night Battle in an Indian City Between 50,000 Hindoos and Mohammedans.

Thrilling Narrative of How 500 Troops Flayed the Mob, Giving Some Idea of the Recent Raids in the Streets of Bombay.

San Francisco Chronicie. Rudyard Kipling, whose stories of the East are now and then as clear and sharp as instantaneous photographs, has built one of his clever tales upon a religious riot. The description would fit, perhaps, as well in the real story now being acted in Bembay as anywhere else, only there is not enough in it of what the great teller of Indian tales calls "red sauce," meaning, of course, the blood of men.

"On the City Wall" is the story of a riot. It centers about the house of Lalun, "a member of the most ancient profession of the world," as Kipling puts it. Under cover of the fierce strife by night between Hindoo and Mussulman, Khem Singh, a political prisoner, is released by the pretty and crafty Lalun from the old fortress beneath her house in the city wall, and the young Englishman is beguiled into leading him out to safety and freedom. Thus runs the vivid description of the riot:

The Mohnrrum, the great morning festival of the Mohammedans, was close at hand, and the things that Wall Dad said about religious fauaticism would have secured his expulsion from the loosestthinking Moslem sect. There were the rose bushes round us, the stars above us, and from every quarter of the city came the beem of the big Meharram drums. You must know that the city is divided in fairly equal proportions between the Hindoos and the Mussulmans, and when both creeds belong to the fighting races, a big religious festival gives ample bance for trouble. When they can-that is to say, when the authorities are weak enough to allow it-the Hindoos do their best to arrange some minor feast day of their own in time to clash with the period of general mourning for the marty is Hasan and Hussian, the heroes of the Mohurrum. Gilt and painted paper presentations of their tombs are borne with shouting and wailing, music, torches and yells through the principal thoroughfares of the city, which fakements are called tazias, passage is rigorously laid beforehand by the police, and detachments of police accompany each tazia lest the Hindoos should throw bricks at it and the peace of the Queen and the heads of her loyal subjects should thereby be broken. Mohurrum time in a "fighting" town means anxiety to all the officials, because if a riot breaks out the officials, and not the rioters, are held responsible. The former must foresee everything, and while not making their precautions ridiculously elaborate, must see that they are at least adequate. "Listen to the drums," said Wali Dad.

That is the heart of the people-empty and making much noise. How, think you, will the Mohurrum go this year? I think that there will be trouble.' He turned down a side street and left me alone with the stars and a sleepy police pa-

troi. Then I went to bed and dreamed that Wali Dad had sacked the city, and I was made vizier, with Lalun's silver hugs for mark of office. All day the Mohurrum drums beat in the city, and all day deputations of tearful

Hindoo gentlemen besieged the deputy commissioner with assurances that they would be murdered ere next dawning by the Mohammedans. "Which," said the deputy commissioner in confidence to the head of police, "is a pretty fair indication that the Hindoos are going to make emselves unpleasant. I think we can arrange a little surprise for them. I have given the heads of both creeds fair warning. If they choose to disregard it so much the worse for them."

THE RIOT BREWING. There was a large gathering in Lalun's house that night, but of men I have never seen before, if I except the fat gentleman in black, with the gold pince-nez. Wali Dad lay in the window-seat, more bitterly scornful of his faith and its manifestations than I have ever known him. Lalun's maid was very busy cutting up and mixing tobacco for the guests. We could hear the thunder of the drums as the processions accompanying each tazia marched to the central gathering place in the plain outside the city, preparatory to their triumphant re-entry and circuit within the walls. All the streets seemed ablaze with torches, and only Fort Amara was black and silent. When the noise of the drums ceased no one in the white room spoke for a time. "The first tazia has moved off," said Wali Dad, looking to the plain.

pince-nez. "It is only 8:30 o'clock." The company ross and departed. "Some of them were men from Ladakh." said Lalun, when the last had gone. "They brought me brick tea, such as the Russians sell, and a tea urn from Peshawur. Show

"That is very early." said the man with a

me now how the English memsahibs make The brick tea was abominable. When it was finished Walt Dad suggested a descent

into the streets. "I am nearly sure that there will be trouble to night," he said. "All the city thinks so, and 'Vox populi is vox Dei,' as the Babus say. Now I tell you that at the corner of the Padshahi gate you will find my horre all this night if you want to go about and see things, It is a most disgraceful exhibition. Where is the pleasure of saying 'Ya Hasan, Ya Hussain' twenty thousand times in a night?"

All the professionals-there were twentytwo of them-were now well with in the city walls. The drums were beating afresh, the crowds were howling "Ya Hasan! Ya Hussain!" and beating their breasts, the brass bands were playing their loudest and at every corner where space allowed Mohammedan preachers were telling the lamentable story of the death of the martyrs. It was impossible to move except with the crowd, for the streets were not more than twenty feet wide. In the Hindoo quarters the shutters of all the shops were up and crossbarred. As the first tazia, a gorgeous erection ten feet high, was borne aloft on the shoulders of a score of stout men into the semi-darkness of the gully of the horsemen a brickbat crashed through its tale

and tinsel sides. "Into thy hands, oh Lord!" murmured Wali Dad, profanely, as a yell went up from behind, and a native officer of police jammed his horse through the crowd. another brickbat followed, and the tazia staggered and swayed where it had

"Go on! In the name of the Sirkar, go forward!" shouted the policeman, but there was an ugly cracking and splintering of shutters, and the crowd halted, with oaths and growlings, before the house whence the brickbat had been thrown. THE STORM BURST FORTH.

Then without any warning broke the storm, not only in the gully of the horsemen, but in half a dozen other places, The tazias rocked like ships at sea, the long pole torches dipped and rose round them, while the men shouted: "The Hindoes are dishonoring the tazias! Strike! Strike! Into their temples for the faith!" The six or eight policemen with each tazia drew their batons and struck as long as they could in the hope of forcing the mob forward, but they were overpowered, and as contingents of Hindoos poured into the streets the fight became general. Half a mile away where the tazias were yet untouched the drums and shricks of "Ya Hazan! Yn Hussian!" continued, but not for long. The priests at the corners of the streets knocked the legs from the bedsteads that supported their pulpits and smote for the faith, while stones fell from the silent houses upon friend and foe, and the packed | backs, stamping, with shouting and song. streets bellowed: "Din! Din! Din!" A tazia caught fire and was dropped for a flaming | Never was religious enthusiasm more barrier between Hindoo and Mussulman as the corner of the guily. Then the crowd surged forward, and Wali Dad drew me close to the stone pillar of a well. "It was intended from the beginning!"

he shouted in my ear with more heat than blank unbelief should be guilty of. "The bricks were carried up to the houses beforehand. These awine of Hindoos! We shall be gutting kine in their temples tonight!"

Tazia after tazia, some burning, others

at the house doors in their flight. At last we saw the reason of the rush. Hugonin, the assistant district superintendent of the police, a boy of twenty, had got together thirty constables and was forcing the crowd through the streets. His old gray police horse showed no sign of unessiness as it was spurred breast-on into the crowd. and the long dog-whip with which he had

armed himself was never still. "They know we haven't enough police to hold 'em," he cried as he passed me, mopping a cut on his face. "They know we haven't! Aren't any of the men from the club coming down to help? Get on, you sons of burned tathers!" The dog-whip cracked across the writhing backs, and the constables smote afresh with baton and gun butt. With these passed the lights and the shouting, and Wali Dad began to swear under his breath. From Fort Amara shot up a single rocket; then two, side by side. It was the signal for troops.

Petitt, the deputy commissioner, covered with dust and sweat, but calm and gently emiling, [cantered up the clean-swept street in the rear of the main body of the

"No one killed yet." he shouted. "Ill keep 'em on the run till dawn. Don't let 'em halt, Hugonin! Trot 'em about till the troops come."

The science of the defense lay solely in keeping the mob on the move. If they had breathing space they would halt and fire a house, and then the work of restoring order would be more difficult, to say the least of it. Flames have the same effect on a crowd as blood has on a wild

Word had reached the club and men in evening dress were beginning to show themselves and lend a hand in heading off and breaking up the shouting masses with stirrup leathers, whips or chance-found staves. They were not very often attacked, for the rioters had sense enough to know that the death of a European would not mean one hanging but many, and possibly the appearance of the thrice-dreaded artillery. The clamor in the city redoubled. The Hindoos had descended into the streets in real earnest and ere long the mob returned. It was a strange sight. There were no tazias, only their riven platforms, and there were no police. Here and there a city dignitary, Hindoo or Mohammedan, was vainly imploring his coreligionists to keep quite and behave themselves-advice for which his white beard was pulled with contumely. Then a native officer of police, unhorsed but still using his spure with effect, would be seen borne along in the throng, warning all the world of the danger of insulting the government. Every where were men striking aimlessly with sticks, grasping each other by the throat, howling and foaming with rage, or beating with their bare hands on the doors of the houses.

TROOPERS PREPARING TO ATTACK. "It is a lucky thing that they are fighting

with natural weapons," I said to Wali Dad, "else we should have half the city killed." I turned as I spoke and looked at his face. His nostrils were distended, his eyes were fixed, and he was smiting himself softly on the breast. The crowd poured by with renewed riot-a gang of Mussulmans hard pressed by some hundred Hindoo fanatics. Wali Dad left my side with an oath, and shouting: "Ya Hasan! Ya Hussain!" plunged into the thick of the

fight, where I lost sight of him. I fled by a side alley to the Padshahi gate, where I found Wali Dad's house, and thence rode to the fort. Once outside the city wall the tumult sank to a dull roar, very impressive under the stars and reflecting great credit on the fifty thousand angry able-bodied men who were making it. The troops, who, at the deputy commissioner's instance, had been ordered to rendezvous quietly near the fort, showed no signs of being impressed. Two companies of native infantry, a squadron of native cavalry and a company of British infantry were kicking their heels in the shadow of the east face waiting for orders to march in. I am sorry to say that they were all pleased. unholily pleased, at the chance of what they called a "little fun." The senior officers, to be sure, grumbled at having been kept out of bed, and the English troops pretended to be sulky, but there was joy in the hearts of the subalterns and whispers ran up and down the line: "No ball cartridge-what a beastly shame!" "D'you think the beggars will really stand up to us?" "Hope I shall meet my moneylender there; I owe him more than I can afford." "Oh, they won't let us even un-eheath our swords." "Hurrah! Up goes the fourth rocket. Fall in, there!"

The garrison artillery, who to the last cherished a wild hope that they might be allowed to bombard the city at a hundred yards range, lined the parapet above the east gateway and cheered themselves hoarse as the British infantry doubled along the road to the main gate of the city. The cavalry cantered on to the Padshahi gate and the native infantry marched slowly to the gate of the Butchers. The surprise was intended to be of a distinctly unpleasant nature, and to come on top of the defeat of the police who had ust been able to keep the Mohammedans from firing the houses of a few leading Hindoos. The bulk of the riot lay in the

north and northwestwards. Long before I reached the gully of horsemen I heard the shouts of the British infantry crying cheerily: "Hutt, ye beg-gare! Hutt, ye devils! Get along! Go forward, there!" Then followed the ringing of rifle butts and shricks of pain. The troops were banging the bare toes of the mob with their butts-not a bayonet had been fixed. My companion mumbled and jabbered as we walked on until we were carried back by the crowd and had to force our way to the troops. I caught him by the wrist, and felt a bangle thereonthe iron bangle of the Sikhs-but I had no suspicions, for Lalun had only ten minutes before put her arms around me. Thrice we were carried back by the crowd, and when we won our way past the British infantry it was to meet the Sikh cavalry driving another mob before them with the butts of

"What are these dogs?" said the old man. 500 WHIPPED 50,000. "Sikhs of the cavalry, father," I said, and we edged our way up the line of horses two abreast and found the deputy commissioner, his helmet smashed on his head, surrounded by a knot of men who had come down from the club as amateur constables and had helped the police

mightily. "We'll keep 'em on the run till dawn," said Petitt. "Who's your villainous friend?" I had only time to say, "The protection of the Sirkar!" when a fresh crowd flying before the native infantry carried us a hundred yards nearer to the Kumbarsen

gate, and Petitt was swept away like a "I do not know-I cannot see-it is all new to me!" moaned my companion. "How many troops are there in the city?"

"Perhaps five hundred." I said. "A lakh of men beaten by five hundredand Sikhs among them! Surely, surely, I am an old man, but-the Kumharsen gate s new. Who pulled down the stone hons? Where is the conduit? Sahib, I am a very old man, and, alas, I-I cannot stand.' He dropped in the shadow of the Kamharsen gate where there was no disturbance. A fat gentleman wearing gold pince-nez came out of the darkness.

"You are most kind to bring my old friend," he said, snavely. "He is a land holder of Akaia. He should not be in a big city when there is religious excitement. But I have a carriage here. You are quite truly kind. Will you help me to put him into the carriage? It is very late." We bundled the old man into a hired

victoria that stood close to the gate, and I turned back to the house on the city wall. The troops were driving the people to and fro, while the police shouted: "To your houses! Get to your houses!" and the dogwhip of the assistant district superintendent cracked remorselessly. Terror-stricken bunnias clung to the stirrups of the cavalry, crying that their houses had been robbed (which was a lie), and the burly Sikh horsemen patted them on the shoulder and bade them return to those houses lest a worst thing should happen. Parties of five or six British soldiers, joining arms, swept down the side gullies, their rifles on their upon the toes of Hindoo and Musaulman. systematically squashed and never were poor breakers of the peace more utterly weary and footsore. They were routed out of holes and corners, from behind weilpillars and byres and bidden to go to their houses. If they had no houses to go to,

so much the worse for their toes. On returning to Lalun's door I stumbled over a man at the threshold. He was sobbing bysterically, and his arms flapped like the wings of a goose. It was Wali Dad. agnostic and unbeliever, shoeless, turbantorn to pieces hurried past us and the mob | less and frothing at the mouth, the flesh on

with them, howling, shricking and striking | his chest bruised and bleeding from the vehemence with which he had smitten himself. A broken toroh-handle lay by his side, and his quivering lips murmured, "Ya Hasan! Ya Hussain!" as I stooped over him. I pushed him a few steps up the staircase, threw a pebble at Lalun's city window and hurried home.

Most of the streets were very still, and the cold wind that comes before the dawn whistled down them. In the center of the square of the mosque a man was bending over a corpse. The skull had been smashed in by a gun butt or bamboo stave. "It is expedient that one man should die

for the people," said Petitt, grimly, raising the shapeless head. "These brutes were beginning to show their teeth too much." And from afar we could hear the soldiers singing, "Two Lovely Black Eyes," as they drove the remnant of the rioters within doors.

SIDE VIEWS OF THE FAIR

Phases of the Bustling Life that Moves in the Columbian Exposition.

Grabbage Man Needed at the Indiana Building-The Art of Living Cheaply -Two Shows in Midway.

Indianapolis pople who have been at the world's fair during the last few weeks say that the sanitary condition of the Indiana Building is in an abominable way. They say that the closets are allowed to remain in a filthy condition, and that the porches contain enough material for a stout "grabbage" man. Indiana people are expected to take advantage of the hospitality of the building, and eat their lunches on the porches, and so many of them do, but they leave most of the food that they do not eat on the floors. In some places a plebeian wienerwurst comes in contact with the aristocratic angel cake that some Crawfordsville girl has left, and it can be well imagined that the combination is a most incongruous one when they both try to occupy the same space on the floor. Ham mosaics form a part of the decorations, an extensive part, too, for nearly every body takes ham sandwiches to the fair. Orange rinds give that rococo effect, which the architect of the bailding evidently did not have in mind. If the grabbage man would make a tour of the porches once a day, he would afford relief to many sensitive stomachs.

All good Hoosiers go to the Indiana Building. A Hoosier can buy a cheap lunch near the approach to the Fifty-seventh-street entrance, take it in with him. check it at the Indiana Building, and then come back for his lunch at noon. Every now and then the good old-fashioned Indiana sainte of "howdy" can beheard on the porches as one acquaintance meets another, and then there is a scraping of chairs and a good oldfashioned talk in which every one seeks to tell every one else about what everybody else has seen. No good Hoosier with any degree of truthfulness boasts, about the building on which a vast sum was squandered, for the other State buildings, with the exception of those of a few insignificant bailiwicks, are much better equipped, and contain by far more interesting exhibits, Most of the Western States where the Indians still reside bave made a more creditable showing than the Hoosier State. * How disappointed are the thousands of Hoosiers who visit the fair when they go to look for some tangible exhibit that will indicate the existence on the map of such a State as Indiana. One of the local firms has a carriage and cart exhibit in the Manufactures Building, and in the Woman's Building is a display of the goods worn by Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee at the mangural ball. In hidden corners there may be other displays, but the average visitor fails to see them. It is evident that the management of the State's interests at the greatest fair the world has ever known has been a bunglesome failure. And yet the great State begins within a few miles of the fair grounds! Even Governor O'Malley has neglected to send a display of the weapons used in his official arena a few miles from the State line. Thousands of articles have been written about the beauties of the fair and of the

quaint and curious things to be found within the walls, and yet every one that goes up thinks that he or she has found something that has escaped the watchful eyes of those whose business it is to write about the fair. There is, indeed, a great deal more to be said about the wonderful place where a two days' visit is not sufficient even to see all that onehalf of one of the buildings contains. Down in the lower part of the grounds is the anthropological exhibit, whose building is in the "backvard" of the fair. Many people do not go there because they think it is a mere museum of arrow heads and old Indian pottery, but in this they overlook one of the most interesting spots in the exposition. It is distinetly the place for a person of a curious eye. Garments, weapons and utensils of people of all ages are there, and so are the bodies of men dead and gone these hundreds of years. Mummies from Peru, resting in their graves as they were exhumed, are shown. The massive form of a mammoth looms up in close proximity to the bones of a whale that might have been contemporaneous with Jonah, and in cases all around the walls are stuffed animals of every species and fishes of every tribe. A college has a collection of dice, playing cards and almost every implement of gambling used in the world for a century or more gone. There is the canoe of the Alaska man next to the raft of the South Sea islander. Curious shells with a history are placed in the exhibits. There are mother-ofpearl shells showing the cunning hand of the Chinese priests who imposed upon the credulity of the natives by growing images in the shells. They did this by outting the thin layer of the shell when the fish inside was young, and then placing pebbles or designs under this outer layer. In ten months the outer layer would grow over again and the design would take the shape of a beautiful pearl. One day will only give a cursory glance at the many things to be seen in the Anthropological

Yes, it is both an art and a science to live cheaply inside the fair grounds-a science to get anything to eat at a moderate price and an art to eat what is set out before you. Coffee is 10 cents unless you go way down to the French bakery, where the usual price of 5 cents prevails. At the Costa Rica building you can a cup of native coffee a very thin waffle for 10 cents, but you cannot place a great deal of reliance on the waffle for it will blow away unless you put a paper weight on it. Out in the Plaisance at the Turkish stand you can get a kabab or Turkish wienerwarst for 10 cents, but the spectre of those lank and hungry dogs of Constantinople constantly rise in the mind's eye as the teeth engage in skirmish with the kabab. The German restaurants are good, but high in price withal. The regular restaurants inside the grounds proper have no regard for the present financial stringency, but the ten-cent sandwich is by means the pitiful mersel that the comic papers have pictured it. The Japanese tea house on the bank of the lagoon is the place for the fastidious to sup tea. While the food is only the shadow of a substance, yet it is so delicately served and the tea is so refreshing it is good to go there for an appetizer. For 50 cents one can get a cap of the ceremonial tea, the finest grown, and a cup of common tea, together with a Japanese cake and a bonben. A quarter of a pound of very good tea is given as a sonvenir, so that the cost of the entire entertainment is very reasonable. Then a Japanese lady, graceful as a fallow deer, serves you in her quaint, charming way. It is well to carry your lunch with you. If you do not buy it down town you can get it at the stands just outside the fair grounds at regular prices. What will cost

you more than twice this amount inside. Among others, there are two good shows on Midway-the street of Cairo and the Chinese theater. A tonic that the American needs, according to the foreign critica who have commented on the fair, is a laugh, and the street of Cairo is the place

you 25 cents outside the grounds will cost

pound-man riding a diminutive donkey with the Arabs beating, pushing and dragging the little besst through the narrow street gives you your first broad smile, and even the fat man langhs after be is safely on the ground waching some other man's discom-fiture. The Indianapolis electric street cars never dared to plunge down a street so recklessly as do these donkeys when a lusty Arabis at their haunches. The cainele carry themselves with more dignity. but the rise and the fall of desert ships evokes screams from the fair riders and laughter from the spectators. There is a compound motion to a rising camel that will throw the average girl all out of sorts. The school miss who comes to the street of Cairo to shop must have at least a hundred thousand dollars to buy everything that she wants in the bazars.

At the Chinese theaters are harmonies wholly foreign to any composer whose works have been sung in this fair land of the free and the brave. The play, which began in the first act several months ago. has not yet got to that point where the villain appears, but it is confidently hoped that the denouement will be reached by the time the snow flies. The play is a combination of Chinese grand opers and the drama. The prima donna is particularly strong in the upper register, and from a monotonous chant she easily jumps to a note that would put a high-keyed buzzeaw to shame. During last week the prima donna was in the role of an angel, who, appearing on earth, confronted her erstwhile husband, fondled her baby a while and then brushed the flies off the footlights with her spirit whip, which all well regulated Chinese angels carry. The low comedian was a small Chinaman, whose jokes were appreciated because the larger part of the audience had never heard them before, nor never expect to hear them again. A cute Chinese baby is a part of the show.

How He Beat the Fair.

There was a philanthropic old gentleman with big ideas on the education of the young who met a potential President of the United States on the Midway Plaisance the other day. His face was not a very clean one and he was endeavoring to stir up the monkeys in the cage outside the Hagenback arena to active warfare with a very long and thin stick. Philanthropy patted the hatless head and said in gentle tones: "Little boy, what sacrifices have you made in order to see the wonders of this great

"Hab?" said the infant through his nose. "Did you save up your pennies to come here?" resumed the old gentleman. "Naw"-in tones of deep disgust-"I speaked between the bars of them turnstiles, when them blue-jays wern't a-looking. You don't catch this kid paying any 25 cents. See!"

FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

125 North Delaware St. TELEPHONE 564.

MccLintock-Sarah A., wife of Wm. H., aged sixty-seven, at Mapleton, Ind., Friday evening, Aug. 25. Notice of funeral later.

BEASLEY-Aug. 25, Thomas Beasley, father of Mrs. A. E. Ferry, aged eighty-seven years. Funeral Sunday, Aug. 27, at 3 o'clock p. m. from Christ's Church. Friends are invited to attend. HEINRICHS-Charles E. Heinrichs, aged seven-ty-four years, at the residence of his son. John H. Heinrichs, 480 Ash street. Funeral services at

CHURCH NOTICES.

house at 2 p. m., Sunday. Friends invited.

Gospel Meeting. COSPEL MEETING, SUNDAY, 7:30 P. M., AT D Physio-Medical Hall, 2812 Indiana avenue, between Illinois and Tennessee. Persons without regular church homes specially invited, and all who would encourage a "Whosoever Wid Mission"—give your approval by your presence. Bring your Gospel Hymns. Dr. Sabin will preach.

TOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETING AT OL Tive-street Presbyterian Church, on Sunday even-ing, Aug. 27, 1833, conducted by the Murphy Gospel Temperance League. Everybody invited.

WANTED-MALE HOLP WANTED-A FEW HUSTLING AGENTS TO handle the best selling article out. Address 94 East Jackson street, Kokomo, Ind. WANTED - EXPERIENCED GENERAL agents for each county. Big-selling patent; no competit on. Room 1, 156 2 East Washington St.

T/ANTED-TWO EXPERIENCED SALES-

VV men to seil G. A. R. Souvenirs to the retail stores. Only small capital needes. Call Monday afternoon only. 29 East Market street. \$25 TO \$50 PER WEEK-TO AGENTS, LA-dies or gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only practical way to replate rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc., quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing or machinery. T ick plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profits large. W. P. HABRISON & CO., Clerk No.

AUCTION SALE. UCTION SALE OF EIGHTY CITY LOTS, A Monday, Aug. 28, 1893, 2:30 p. m., we will sell at public outery, on the ground, 80 city lots, Twelve lots in Louthain's addition, situated on LeGrand avenue, one square south of the Belt Railroad and two squares east of Shelby street, near Adams's brickyard, and 68 lots on Winchester, Colgrove and Bryan avenues, two squares south of Belt Railway and three squares east of Shelby street and just south of Adams's brickyard, to the highest bidders without reserve. Terms-One-third cash, one-third in one and on-third in two years. This is the chance of a lifetime to secure good lot. Electric cars are now running to Pleasant run on Shelby street, and will soon be running to Garfield Park. Attend this sale and secure a bargain. DYNES & CO., Agents, Room 39, Vance Blook. L. N. Perry, Auctioneer.

WANTED-MISCELLANE MIS. WANTED-AN EXPERIENCED LADY BOOK. W keeper who understands stenography. Apply MARCEAU'S GALLERY, No. 40 North Illinois street, city.

WANTED-PARTIES WITH \$100 TO \$1,000 to invest to write F. C. MATTHEWS, 140 Grant street, Council Bluffs, Ia. Will bear strict WANTED-AGENTS-A RESIDENT SECRE-

W tary in every city and town of the country, and especially for Indianapolis and vicinity. A man acquainted with the handling of agents preferred. Salary \$80 per month and apwards. Address THE NORTH AMERICAN REALTY ASS'N, 62 Loan and Trust Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

ANNOUNCEMENT. NNOUNCEMENT-OLD HATS AND RUBBER A repaired by WM. DRPUY, 47 Massachusetts av NNOUNCEMENTS - FINE BRANDS OF A flour and popular food cereals; largest variety in the middle West; samples free. GEO. A. VAN PELT, 121 N. Delaware street Telephone 396. A NNOUNCEMENT-PROFESSOR A. B. WIN termote, a mind-reader of past, present and future. General business consultation. Office-760 North Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind. Office hours,

FINANCIAL OANS - MONEY ON MORTGAGES. C. F L SAYLES, 75 East Market street. T OANS-MONEY ON WATCHES, DIAMONDS L jewelry, without publicity. CITY LOAN OF MONEY TO LOAN ON FIRST MORTGAGE-Bonds, Consumers' Gas Tru t Stock and Commercial Paper, bought and sold. W. H. HOBBS, 70

East Market street. STRAYED OR STOLEN. STRAYED OR STOLEN - BETWEEN THE hours of 8 and 12 o'clock, ang. 25, taken of stolen from rack at First Baptist Church, on Penn-sylvania street, black mare, nine years old, with small lump just behind front leg, had hair raked off knees and on front legs. Buggy, end spring, top lin-ing faded, had been green, had had new shaft put in. Any one giving information of same will be reward-

ed. Telephone 998. BOICOURT, TYNER & CO. DISSOLUTION OF PASTNERSHIP. NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION - NOTICE IS hereby given that the firm of Marcean & Power, photographers, doing business at 36 and 38 North Illinois street, Indianapolis, is dissolved by mutual cone-nt. Theodere C. Marceau will continue the business, and will collect and pay all bills.
THEODORE C. MARCEAU.

LUKE W. POWER. COR SALE-\$150 RECEIPT ON LEADING PL T and firm of Indianapolis. Will sell it for \$100 cash. Address S. N. JENKINS, 42 and 44 East

Madison street, Chicago, Ill. BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY. DUSINESS OPPORTUNITY - VALUABLE D patent right for sale. A new nickel-in-slot machine. Several of them now in operation in this city. C. M. ROBBINS 29 East Markot street.

MOTICE-HOW TO MAKE TWO POUNDS good butter out of one pound at 5c extra. Receipt 25c G. GOFF, Iola, Kan.

FOR RENT. FOR RENT-HOUSE OF FIVE ROOMS, IN good order. No. 415 South State street, near

FOR SALE OR REST-REAL ESTATE. FOR SALE OF RENT-CENTRAL BLOCKS. to go for it. The sight of a two-hundred-